

SSING

It will be regarded as confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Com- S. A. Temple, Albert St., with the word "Inquiry" on of the envelope. CENTS SHOULD ACCOM- PLICATIONS.

MENAMIN, JOHN - Left d landed in Montreal in is now about 80 years old, ohn, 8 Gomerly St., Wium- is the enquirer. New York copy.

HINSTON, JAMES, native am, Scotland. Was at one oyed as brass finisher at Arsenal. Last heard of s ago making enquiries for t Blyth, previous to going t. Send information to ead.

WILLIAMS, MARY, aged 26; 6, dark hair and eyes; Wales. Has lived in a salu- siderable, which she left, was going to Southampton that to Canada. Send in- to above address.

ISSETT, ROSA. Age about tellum height; light brown eyes; fresh color. Was in West London District iford, near Staines, about 0, was sent from there to Miss Rye. Last known ad- of Mrs. Isaac Smith, Nor- dace, Ontario. Enquirer has sent several letters to address, but received no d information to above

NEIL, MRS. (nee Betsy Left England 11 years ago; y drapery business at Galt, r maiden name. Married in named McNeil. Sister dies.

CARRATT, WILLIAM. Last dress, care of Mr. Bissett, Out.; farm laborer. Father

BLECH, MRS. ROADES, FLYNN. Age about 27; height about 5 ft. Last hree years ago; was then Angus House, East Angus, ida. Husband was then t the Electric Light Co. e very anxious for news.

VATT, WILLIAM. Fair, black eyes, deep scar eye, deformed in left foot. "Dr. Barnardo's Home" in 15, and was sent to Can- y 15, 1895; landed at Que- 24th. He was sent to the resolute, Ont., and from onford with a Mr. Brown, and went to live with a n. Visitation; last heard of 00. Supposed to be work- arm. Mother enquires.

INSON, PETER AND REE (wife). Natives of their address in 1893 was Avenue, North Winnipeg.

REYNOLDS, ROLAY, age rock-marked. Left Ros- aimon, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, years ago, and went to Out.; farmer. Mr. Hugh (nephew) enquirer.

IMPORTANT!

y comes from Cape Town, in, for CHRISTMAN PETER who has not been heard welve months. Was then saunville, Ont. His mother ous; broken-hearted. Al- Lindley, Claremont, South

BIBBING MONKEYS

DRUNKARD kept two r his sport. Once he look- dling-room, where he and had left some wine, and id mounted the table and g themselves to the wine, and gesticulating just as they off manner and his guests, were merry and jumped at last they got to fight- floor, and tearing out one air. The drunkard stood ne. "What?" said he, "is ure of myself?" Do the ke me?" Ever after he man.

Harvest Festival! Aug. 31st and Sept. 1st, 2nd.

WAR CRY



VOL. XL No. 42. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 20, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

OUR SALVATION MARINERS.

The Crew of the "William Booth" now Touring the Great Lakes on Salvation Service.



Jns. Amies, First Mate. T. Bloss. W. Cameron.
 Cadet Milligan. Lieut. Redburn, Band Sergeant. Prof. Little. Cadet Gibson. W. T. Medlock. John Flemming.
 Lieut. Perkins, Trade Agent. Capt. Finlayson, Adjt. McGillivray, Commodore. Capt. Bird. Lieut. Ruelbrook. A. Hysens.
 Cadet Payton. Cadet Curry. Capt. Barr, Address Agent. W. Richmond. Cadet Babier.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

Its Origin and Work.

The Naval Brigade is an offspring of the Household Troops Band 1222,

as established in England by the Com- mandant. A band of young men was then formed, who toured the country and aroused intense enthusiasm by skilful playing and Godly entreaty. Here in Canada we are much more scattered, and travelling for a band of 20 people would eat up all profits.

We have thousands of miles of sea- line along the great lakes, on which many large towns are situated. What could more effectively suit our pur- pose than the buying of a yacht, and the visiting of these places by means of God's free waterway? There's the whole matter in a nutshell. The Bri- gade consists of sixteen saved mus-

icians, led on by Adjutant McGillivray, besides a ship captain, engineer and trade agent. Everywhere they go the natives show them much kindness, and many hard cases have received a lift up on the way. May God bless these Salvation Mariners, and make them more than ever successful fish- ers of men.

Scotch Bob,

A MODERN
PRODIGAL.

A SERIAL STORY.

II
"And He Spoke This Parable Unto Them."



MY BOYHOOD'S DAYS were spent in a palace of a home, with governesses and servants, cared for and waited on—and I to clean shoes for a living! But, after all, it was good for me that I became emancipated from those iron habits of pride and the customs of idleness.

Afterwards father said that coming to Canada had done more for me than anything could do, next to the grace of God.

Regularly he had family prayers with us, all the servants were called in, and one was reading he would wait, and ask, "Where is Jennie, or Maggie," as the case might be, and they would do anything for him; they would remain young in the service of the family. I can see the Bible now on the little, three-legged enameled table, and my father's spectacles on it.

Oh, what a terror to have gone to bed from such a home—from such surroundings!

I was very much impressed by a sentence I once read somewhere: "THE MEASURE OF PRIVILEGE IS THE MEASURE OF PUNISHMENT." I felt that would apply to me. It seems to me there is a whole chapter in that line. Oh, such a home I had, no boy had better chances than I! But I didn't see their value at the time. Now I can feel what responsibility rests upon me to make up those wasted hours, and to be a man of God. Oh, the service of love and gratitude I owe Him!

I feel like taking hold of all the ropes of Heaven when I think of the past. It serves me to a greater consecration. God, make me more and more a Salvationist in principle and practice.

It was when I was TEN YEARS OLD I first ran away from home. I was terribly given to story-telling. I don't know how I came to be, for my father was the soul of truth and honor. I would imagine lies, and make them up to such an extent that my father would not believe my word unless I had somebody to corroborate my statements. I never hesitated to help myself to any stray coppers or anything like that, and I could always invent some way to

lie myself out of a Sorap.



"My head was stuffed with legends, poetry, and novels."

I was a voracious reader. I would read anything, even to the encyclopedia, till my head was stuffed with fairy-tales, and poetry, and novels. I conceived the idea that if I could only get away from the constraint of home I could work my way up, and become a sort of second Dick Whittington.

So I stuffed my bag full of provisions, filled myself to all the spare money I could lay hands on, and set off on the road to London.

I felt a sense of condemnation as I went, but it was rather from the dread of punishment, with the memory of solemn lectures, followed by imprisonment, and a diet of bread and water, with theoretical chapters learnt by heart and the Shorter Catechism. But as to any sense of sorrow for grieving God by my sin, there was none.

I had footed about ten or twelve miles along the beautiful, straight, turnpike road towards London, when a thunder storm came drenching down. I watched the lightning, and I thought, "Now, if that strikes me, I shall go to hell, sure."

There was no shelter; there I was in the middle of a wild, desolate moor, with nothing but peat-bog around. By the time I was well soaked through I began to think perhaps I had better turn and go back. I imagined that

The Wild Thunderstorm

was a special providence sent on purpose to warn me.

Then I made tracks home. I went on to the village, where I knew I could take the train with my cash in hand. It was a little fishing place near the sea—our house was near the sea; how I used to love to watch the great, green wall of salt water dash and foam on the lighthouse, when the vessels were trying to make port, amidst the wild uproar of the waves.

After waiting some time for the train, with my wet clothes drying on me in the sun, at length I arrived in Aberdeen. I found there was a circus there, so I thought since I was sure of punishment anyway, I might as well take that in first.

It was eleven at night before I reached home. Then I began to feel thoroughly bad. I sat on the wall and watched the house. I could see the lights moving hurriedly to and fro, and then a policeman came to the door. I thought I could slip in quietly without being observed, but by-and-bye one of the servants caught sight of me, and then my elder brother brought me in.

My father took me alone and talked to me. That was

An Awful Talking-to

—worse than a whipping, but father seemed to have been too scared about me that time. At last I broke down and cried, but my grief was far too evanescent—it was like a vapor that vanishes away, although next morning it was a very shame-faced boy came down to breakfast, but it was rather because I felt I had made such a muddle of the whole thing than true grief.

After that I constantly PLAYED TRUANT from school. I would start all right down street, with my books under my arm, but never reached there. I would be away into the country bird-nesting, or down by the sea, and off along the rocks, where the tidal waves left the little crabs. I remember THE FIRST FIRE I smoked. I saved up my coppers to buy it, new bird's-eye, strong and hot. I went below the wharf to smoke it, and tried to persuade myself I was enjoying it, because it was manly. But I had to leave the table in the middle of my supper—all in a hurry! Oh, dear!

I would stay away whole weeks from school without being found out—forgetting little notes in my sister's hand, and inventing excuses to the teacher.

There was another lad as bad as I was. Johnnie Gordon and I were sworn chums in wickedness. We grew worse and worse. We took to breaking windows, ringing the door bells, smashing the street lamps, and any DESTRUCTIVE DEVILRY we could devise. And yet I lied so cunningly that my father did not find me out.

One time we were laid up for some how devilled, so, after we had dabbed every door with newly slacked lime to take the paint off, and knocked the policeman's hat off by tying a thread from tree to tree just on a level with his head, whilst we laid in ambush, watching, and

nearly split our sides with suppressed laughter when he swore vengeance. Then we went home, throwing stones over the wall all the way along where we knew the glass-panes of the botanical professor were.

But we were ALMOST JAILED for it that time. Fancy what a terrible thing it would have been for father in his position as

Chief of the County Police

to have seen me, his youngest son, in the dock. However, I got about the worst felling then I ever experienced.

As I came into the house I saw a policeman standing there with a blue envelope in his hand. My conscience told me it was something to do with me. I would have given anything to have been able to steal and destroy it before father saw it. The neighbors had been complaining and watching. Now this was a summons served against me at the house.

That night my father came to the foot of the stairs and called my name: "Robert"—generally it was "Bob." I knew from his tone something was up. He held that blue paper in his hand. "What does this mean?" he asked, sternly.

I had no possible chance to lie my way out.

Then the HORSE WHIPPED ME, whilst my elder brother held me, and every stroke drew blood. I caught it that time and no mistake.

I quieted down a bit for a while, but it was from fear of punishment, from dread of hell. There was no love in my goodness.

(To be continued.)

WHAT!

ALREADY?

YES IT IS HIGH TIME
TO THINK ABOUT

Harvest Festival!

HOLINESS.

Tunes—Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing; Buckingham, "B.B." 32.

Give me the love that helps me now
To make the needed sacrifice,
And daily at Thy altar bow,
To bear the cross may I rejoice.

Chorus.

The Saviour is living in my heart.

No more to idols do I cling,
The separation is complete;
To Thy dear cross my all I bring,
And lay it at Thy bleeding feet.

Oh, Saviour, keep, from sin set free,
And help me walk the narrow road;
It is my joy to share with Thee
The cross, the only way to God.

CADET BURN, Little Bay, Newid.

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Tune—I am coming, Lord, "S.M.L." 479; "B.J." 55.

When far from God in sin
My heart was often sad,
But now the Saviour dwells within
He's made my sad heart glad.

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord.

Dear Lord, when Thine I saw
Upon that rugged tree,
It broke my sad and hardened heart
And brought my soul to Thee.

Lord, let Thy blessing fall,
Fill me with love just now,
With burning love for souls in sin,
While at Thy cross I bow.

SERGEANT MAY LANG, Peterboro.

Field Officers' Column

WRITTEN BY

AN F. O. FOR F. O's.

Captain Stubbs,

Of Blenheim, on

"HOW TO RAISE FINANCES."

Replying to a query from the Editorial Office as above, the Captain says:

I HARDLY know how to begin. At first I felt like consulting a lawyer, for I think they know how to make money better than I do, but I suppose I must do my best in answering you.

\$ \$ \$

I never feel very much like talking anything on that line unless the spiritual condition of the corps is good. Wherever I have succeeded in doing anything of any account it has been where there has been

LOVE AND UNITY

in the corps. Where such has been the case there has not been much trouble in raising a good amount. But if special efforts are made, must first have confidence that the thing can be done, and also be able to have confidence in those who work for it.

He will show them by his example how to work, giving to each their place and work to do, and then as I heard a certain Scotch minister say about sugar and tobacco, "Go at it, stick at it, and if you find it hurting you stop it." Leave out the last clause and the S. A. will pay the way.

ON CROWS,

Or, "Set a Thief to Catch a Thief."

Wilson, in his "American Grammar," says that crows have been employed to catch crows, by the following stratagem: A live crow is plucked by the wings down to the



ground on his back, by means of sharp forked sticks. Thus attacked, his cries are loud and incessant, especially if any other crows are in view. These swooping down about him, are instantly grasped and held fast by the prostrate prisoner with the same irresistible impetus that urges a drowning man to grasp at everything within his reach. The game being discharged from his clutches, the trap is again ready, and by plucking down each captive successively, in a short time there will probably be a large flock ascending in the air in concert with the prisoners below. Does not that coming fowling, the devil, use this artifice for well? The bawling drunkard, the blaspheming infidel, fast bound him he will soon hold fast in his evil power, these again becoming snares for others. What a grip does one sinner give another, and how ready a tempted man is to become a tempter!

TEN DAYS with the M. for us to be

GOOD INDINGS, when glory, when drill, when

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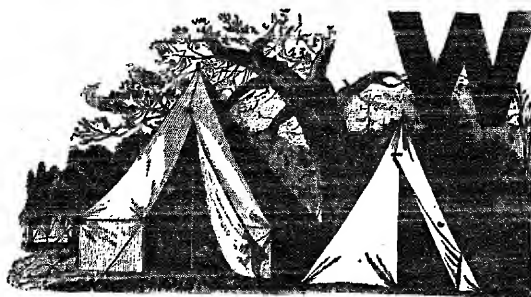
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ENCAMPED WITH CHRIST.

"The fresh, bracing air of the Spirit is always to be found on the Hills of Truth. A good ramble over the heights and depths of the Word, its hills and dales, its hidden gems and gorges, its green pastures and still waters, is the best tonic for the drooping soul."

TEN DAYS on the hill-side apart with the Master. "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

GOOD INDEED! Good in the morning, when the sun bursts forth in glory, when the bugle calls to kneedril, when the wind whispers peace through the trees, when the heat-waves break through the pines in a stream of warm fragrance. Good in the evenings, when the setting sun overflows the camp with floods of red gold. And between the quiet blue and the rosy dawn, with darkness and the hush of night, with the white tents blanched in the moonlight.

All things Own Him.

Doubt vanishes, unbelief seems impossible.

Days of pure happiness, days of song and merriment, days of long and beautiful meetings, full of strong-spoken testimony and fattering confession, days of balm and blessing, days of spiritual breezes. Sinners forgiven. Pardon and repentance preached by the power of the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Overhead the tree-tops meet, Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet."

"You can't mistake the way," directed Captain Attwell. "Just watch out on King for the big notice, 'TAKE THIS CAMP FOR THE CAMP.' But you needn't bother, it will go of itself if you only see it."

"I live on Peace Street," was the almy greeting from Mother Florence, near the gateway opening in the high fence, dividing the dusty road with-out from the shade and the hush of the green woods and soft sword within.

A Little Heaven Below."

she affirmed, whilst the two big dogs blinked amen. "The meetings have been times of great power and blessing. I haven't been to kneedril, but I can hear it, and oh, the sound of the singing in the early morning! And there have been souls right along."

"There have been some wonderful cases of conversion. One, a man of about sixty, made a full confession. Some have come forward for sanctification—a heart by blood made clean; but this bestial!"

"It seems to me one's heart has been almost too full to testify," said Sister Dorsey.

MAJOR HOWELL flung himself on the turf and shoved back the ruffled mass of dark hair from his sun-burnt forehead.

"It looks as if we might have a storm, but I don't think it will come just yet," he meditated. The rich red of the evening glow bunched each tree-trunk into solid gold and tipped each blade of grass.

"You led the first meeting at the commencement of the campaign, did you not?" we asked.

"Yes. It was a sort of inaugura-tion service among the soldiers, with

prayer for the success of the whole service. We had

A Rattling Good Start.

full of the power of the Spirit. All the campers united. We have had fine times since, right along. Yes, it's equal to my expectations. On Dominion Day, when the Commandant led, the music was packed full, both meetings—with five volunteers. We have had some souls almost every time."

"And now you pull up stakes?"

"Yes, after the wedding feast is over. No, the tables will be set under the trees, not in the tent."

However, owing to the threatening rain, the tent was used.

Here, in THIS COLONY ON THE HILLS, one may see how these Chris-tians love one another. Apart from the feverish rush of the sordid world you may study the home life of the Salvation Army behind the scenes, as patent to the eye of day as though they lived, almost, in glass houses. In frank hospitality, kindly affection-ate, often sharing all things common in the social community of camp-life.

"Are you going to put in about our baby's new shoes?" was the laughing inquiry.

ADJUTANT TURNER draped on one knee at the door of the tent, whilst he lifted his little Ruth into a chair and strove to induce a wee foot to fit straight in the newly purchased boots, whilst she bestowed a smile of proud approval upon his patient effort.

"Yes, it meant quite a bit of work," he said, in answer to an inquiry about the preparation for the campaign. "You see, we have a good many families encamped. TWENTY-SEVEN TENTS, as well as the big one and the canteen. The Headquarters boys have one to themselves, and the Ladies' Band another. We've had three meetings every day. Kneedril at seven, afternoon at three, and at eight in the evening, with a nice lot of folks at each. Showers of blessing! Especially on Sunday and on Dominion Day, when the Commandant was here."

THE FIRST SATURDAY AND SUNDAY series were conducted by Colonel Holland, with Headquarters' Staff and band to the front.

"Altogether, we have had a thoroughly enjoyable time," observed THE CHIEF SECRETARY, with the accents of an oracle. He was almost lost to sight atoppling amidst the blue smoke from the crackling sticks of a gipsy fire between three bricks. The latest scheme was to persuade the kettle to boil.

"Everything has been arranged," he continued, "for

The Comfort of the Campers,

by Major Howell and Adjutant Turner. Considering that the Toronto corps have been going on with the usual meetings just the same, with an occasional exception—we have had

WELLS' HILL.

The Army Under Canvas—Ten Days' Salvation Exhilaration—Toronto Salvationism of all Ranks Ruralize—Music, Marches, Meetings, Kneed-drills, and a Wedding. Hurrah 31 Penitents—Commandant to the Fore.

A VILLAGE OF TENTS.



good congregations. In previous times the corps have been closed in the city. Amongst those who have been to the penitent form, one was the brother of Mrs. Staff-Captain Horn."

"The children have enjoyed it splendidly," added Mrs. Holland. "Under the trees here it's just lovely, you know, it's something just beautiful! Look at our Willie, jumping up and down and roaring with all his might."

Just, a whole contingent of the Coming Army were raising high dido on the dry grass, crisp twigs, and also, powdered dust.

THE MUSICAL MEETING on Tuesday was led by Major Complin.

THE EDITOR OF THE WAR CRY balanced a writing-pad upon his knee, but apparently he found it difficult to make much headway with his notes.

"How did the meeting pass off?" we added to the rest of his forty-eleven interruptions.

"Very well," he replied, as he dipped his pen and shifted the ink-bottle, "considering how little preparation there was for it. The Headquarters' Staff band boys were all present, and did their share exceedingly well. I had only just returned from Lager-soll."

"What should I do without Sappolo?" softly murmured Mrs. Complin, scouring away at some shining cooking utensils, with nimble fingers.

"Oh, yes, there was a good crowd, but, although the prayer meeting was held on till a late hour, no one came forward, in spite of every genuine effort put forth for

The Salvation of Souls.

However, Captain Attwell, who assists with the War Cry, dealt with one young man until he professed to realize his sins forgiven where he sat. He seemed a good, genuine case, too. In place of the usual Bible reading a succession of texts was repeated, and it seemed to open up a rich vein of Scripture truth."

"What have you named your tent?"

"Prospect Place," the Major calls it," explained Mrs. Complin, "on account of the beautiful view." Beautiful truly, as we gazed at the rich foreground, down the tangled hill-side over the fields, and away to the distant vista of the city, dim in its smoky blue, and beyond that again the placid bay.

THE FIELD OFFICERS' DEMONSTRATION was conducted by Brigadier Jacobs, assisted by the city officers. First the canteen, past the Commandant's tent, near the "Save the children" (Children's Shelter, of course), next door to Colonel Holland's tabernacle, Brigadier Jacobs was sitting at ease, surrounded with his five bottle balms.

"This is the first camp I have ever seen," he remarked. "I must confess I used to be a little bit prejudiced against them."

"And now his prejudices are all swept away," concluded Captain Peacock. "Well," cautiously said one Scotch Brigadier, "I certainly think it's a first-rate idea for our own people. I should like it nearer the city for the sake of the sinners. I have held tent-meetings right in the centre of the town, down east, in St. John, Yarmouth, Fredericton, etc."

"You spoke about Paul and Silas at your meeting, did you not?"

"Yes," again interrupted Captain Peacock, "and it was about the finest, practical sermon I ever heard." So said several others.

THE SOCIAL OFFICERS' DEMONSTRATION was led by MAJOR COLLETT and the City Social Staff in lively style. Like most of the gatherings, it was pronounced an exceedingly interesting season, as well as instructive. The boys from the Farm Colony, England, gave point to the text.

At the HOLINESS MEETING on Friday, MAJOR READ—still far from well—had the desire of his heart realized, and his cup of joy was full, with the sight of eight more, as seeking their Father's face at the cross, some backsliders among the little weeping, yet comforted, group.

And what of THE LAST GRAND RALLY, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, with THE COMMANDANT IN COMMAND?

How can one put on paper the joy of waiting at the throne, the joy charged with holy fire, hours instilled with the light and power of Heaven, when comrades testified, as the Spirit gave them utterance. Who can tell what passed between the soul and its Saviour in those moments of

Agonizing, Wrestling Intercession

at the penitent-form? What clearer, purer views of time and eternity were heard, whilst the voice of our leader was heard, accompanied by the sound of the wind like waves rushing thro' the trees.

Till the yellow stars peeped forth at night on Sunday, every moment was spent in the spirit of interceding prayer. Little groups knelt separately around the tents between the scarcely interrupted service of the day. But under the big canvas, what a stirring up of the fire of God within the hearts of the faithful! What times of refreshing from the Lord!

After the joyous holiness meeting and a short season for raptures at noon, the Commandant and Staff headed the troops out under the hot sun for a spirited rally into Sexton village, where a rousing open-air was held. No doubt that partly helped to account for the magnificent congregation at night, for to-day, as of old, the crowd still follow a tip-top band.

With Hundreds of Eager Hearers,

with his fervent Staff surrounding him, the whole day long the Commandant's tireless voice continued, bringing steady, true, strong, clear shot into the ranks of the enemy, pleading, entreating with the sinner, impelling and arousing the careless, strengthening the feeble of fellowship, till at the close of the magnificently fought day ELEVEN SOULS at the penitent form crowned the glorious prayer-meeting and swelled the triumph of THIS GRAND CAMPAIGN.

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THE WAR CRY. KINGSTON STRING BAND.



Sister E. Bureau. Sergt. C. Fullest. Sergt.-Major Thompson. Candidate A. Godwin.
Capt. F. Morris. Mrs. Ensign McLean. Ensign McLean. Candidate N. Downey.
Sister A. Downey. Candidate O. Glenn.

A Character Sketch

OF THE
Kingston String Band.

SERG. CHESTER FOLLEST, as will be soon, plays the triangle. He's not a bad fellow, and can smile at most anything. Appears to be well saved and takes a great interest in the Juniors' work, teaching a company of them.

CANDIDATE A. GODWIN has left for the Rescue Work in Toronto. Likes lots of life in salvation, as well as other matters. Plays and sings, and does anything else she can for the Master.

SERG.-MAJOR THOMPSON is a good-hearted soul. He's one that seems to agree to everything which is in the interest of the cause. Plays the violin and takes a leading part in the band. He is the J. S. Sergt.-Major, which work is progressing rapidly.

CANDIDATE CARLIE GLENN was a bright child to everything. Ever ready to sing and speak for Jesus. Is hurrying up to get out in the week to a greater field of usefulness. Plays the autoharp, which is quite an acquisition to the band. Quite a War Cry boomer.

SIS. ANNIE DOWNEY, great help with her guitar. Will make a useful worker for God. A little backward, but coming out of her shell wonderfully. Can sing very nicely. Delights to do what the call for God.

MRS. ENSIGN MCLEAN. This sister is not at all shy. Has had quite a lot of experience in S. A. warfare, but in addition to her household duties, as well as assisting her husband in corps work, she helps the band with her music, which is much appreciated.

CANDIDATE NELLIE DOWNEY is the deputy-bandmaster. Gets some

very sweet tones from her guitar. Helps to see all instruments are in tune before starting. Keeps well saved and never gets "cranky." Hurrying to get to a greater sphere of usefulness. War Cry boomer. J. S. Company Sergeant, as well as G. R. M. Agent.

CAPTAIN FRANK MORRIS was the bandmaster before he came to Toronto. Likes lots of music played for Jesus and does all in his power to promote it.

SISTER E. BUREAU can smile now and again, and of course is saved. She will make a bright officer if she keeps on. Plays her autoharp and helps quite a little with her singing.

ENSIGN MCLEAN is quite a man. Loves God's music, and everything that's good.

ONE WHO KNOWS THEM ALL.

Raised the "War Cry."

WATERLOO.—No. 1. IRON HILL, good meetings here. We find Father Tibbets rejoicing. Next, No. 12, GILMONS CORNER. This is the place where the people know how to turn out to an S. A. meeting. Friday night we had an ice cream social. We had a beautiful time. Inside meeting led by CAPT. McHARG, from SHERBROOK. Returning to Waterloo, we find the devil here still. One more prodigal returned to his father's home and received a welcome. We have had to raise our War Cry, and have them all sold before Sandusky. We give God all the glory for the past victory—Ous Who Was There, for Captain Milson.

MONTREAL II.—Ever is our War Cry victory. Sunday was a time of power. Splendid meetings in the open air, three times a day. We think God for a blessed day spent for Him. We are all together going in to tear down the devil's kingdom. May God keep us to our guns.—W. G. & C.

A Day With the Veterans

UNDER
THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The Boys of the Naval Brigade Made Welcome at the Old Soldiers' Home in Sandusky, O.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE'S TOUR.—We arrived in Toledo, according to date. Spent four days, good times, and saw eleven souls saved. We are at Kingsville. Had good times. Next at Leamington. Good meeting, three souls. Now we are in Sandusky. More next week, if you can find room. Good-bye.

SANDUSKY.—We were invited out to the Old Soldiers' Home of this city, and it proved to be one of the greatest blessings of our trip. On our arrival at the Home there was a funeral in progress. We were at once asked to take part, which, of course, we did. We headed the procession to the grave with our little brass band, and you may guess we felt it an honor to lead such a solemn march. After this we took a good look at the Home and then held a wonderful meeting. This, of course, was the object of our visit. After the meeting we were asked to stay and take our supper with the men, and you can easily understand with what amount of joy we stayed, for this is a wonderful institution. There are a thousand inmates and they all eat in one large room. We had to sit at table in this wonderful room.

But this day's event surpassed all that we have seen on the trip. When leaving the grounds to come to our meeting in the city, they gathered in

hundreds, and with tears in their eyes bid us God-speed, and asked us to come again. The Adjutant and part of the boys will hold a special mass meeting on the grounds Sunday, and we are believing for a great harvest of souls.

Street Linelight Work.

ST. THOMAS.—Capt. Seibel, G.B.M. Provincial Agent, favored us with his presence Saturday and Sunday. Meeting in the afternoon was held in the Court House Park. Wednesday had another visit from him, and with our announcement he put up his screen on the main street and gave an address on the social work illustrated by a powerful lantern. Within a few minutes we had over five hundred people around, who listened with the Captain spoke of the different branches of our work—Lieutenant Stevenson.

RIVERSIDE.—Another victorious week-end. Large crowds and THREE for salvation.—H. G. Crawford, Capt. CORNWALL, Brother and Sister Collins of this corps, are rejoicing over the arrival of a beautiful baby boy in their home. Brother Collins has been a Salvationist for years, being saved when a mere boy. Sister Collins was saved in Junior's meeting, and has never lost her first love. They are loyal Salvationists. Some one asked Brother Collins how baby was, and he said, "Oh, 'twill not be many years, if he lives, before he dons the red garter and becomes an Army officer." God bless Brother and Sister Collins, and baby Clayton Morris.—Trifloria.

TEMPLE.—Another week of victory. Soldiers' meeting a real prayer meeting time. Hour and a-half on our knees without any change. Forty prayed. A brilliant victory, closes the week with FOUR forward.—Ensign Ayra.

FIERY RELI

In Reykjavik

STORY OF THE OPENING.—
MIDNIGHT — OVER-
PENTECOSTARY GOVERN-
SONG BOOKS — THE
JUNE, EXCEPT AT
ICELANDERS APPRECI-
TION ARMY—SHASHI-
PRAISED AGAINST—
ING TEMPERANCE SER-

It was, somehow, very as to believe that we had ported to near the North 1 mid 7th of May, when I "Laura" was making the "the Fawn Bay," bringing and nearer that, to us, where we should, in the m and the S. A., raise the s the "blood and fire." True tains were still arrayed in apparel, but the sun sent friendly rays down on u wanted to remind us of the eue of the "Father of I us this was indeed a mo feelings and thoughts co converted into audibly. Eight years ago had I shored, a slinger, to seek t tory; now I came back sa jewels for my Saviour's cr and there among these were my old friends and for whom my heart burnt prayers ascended. Now I to wait, live, pray, and pre them for the glory of G salvation of their souls.

In a few minutes were treading the Icelandic soil to weed our way was a rather difficult to answer, pie working on the beach gazed in wonderment at formed strangers, and eve guilt which, as a rule, we anybody or anything but seemed to be especially in us. She swept around of small circle and made a noise, which I interpreted Army!"

We knew nobody in the by especial providence w lifted in need, who took u roof, and has since been u to us and God's work.

The arrival of the preacher's spread like Ma rie fire over the town and hood, so we became the t day before the first meeting arranged.

We arranged with the G lars to rest their halt, a on the first inside the holi day. Long before the mee was the hall filled to the we were forced to promot as elevated position on the among whom was the me at Journalist in Iceland since made very friendly us and the Army work. T men and one penitentiary helped to conduct the peop week, sell song-books, recel etc.



FIERY RELIGION In Reykjavik.

STORY OF THE OPENING—DAYLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT—OVERCROWDED AT PENITENTIARY GOVERNOR SELLS SONG BOOKS—THEY WON'T JUMP, EXCEPT AT BRANDY—ICELANDERS APPROPRIATE SALVATION ARMY—SMASH—7 SOULS—PRAISED AGAINST—THUNDERING TEMPERANCE SERMONS.

It was, somehow, very difficult for us to believe that we had been transported so near the North Pole on that mild 7th of May, when the steamer "Laura" was making her way in "the Fuxa Bay," bringing us nearer and nearer that to us, sacred spot where we should, in the name of God and the S. A., raise the standard of the "blood and fire." True, the mountains were still arrayed in their white apparel, but the sun sent its warm, friendly rays down on us, as if he wanted to remind us of the omnipresence of the "Father of lights." To me this was indeed a moment when feelings and thoughts could not be converted into audible utterances. Eight years ago had I left this shore, a student, to seek the world's glory; now I came back saved, to seek jewels for my Saviour's crown. Here and there among these mountains were my old friends and relatives, for whom my heart burned and my prayers ascended. Now I had come to walk, live, pray, and preach among them for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls.

In a few minutes were our feet treading the Icelandic soil, but where to walk was a question. The people working on the beach stood and gazed in wonderment at these uniformed strangers, and even the sea-gulls, which, as a rule, never cures for anybody or anything but its stomach, seemed to be especially interested in us. She swept around our head in small circles and made a collar noise, which I interpreted "Salvation Army!"

We knew nobody in the town, but by special providence we found a friend in need, who took us under his roof, and has since been a real friend to us and God's work.

The arrival of the "Salvation preachers" spread like Manitoba prairie fire over the town and neighborhood, so we became the talk of the day before the first meeting could be arranged.

We arranged with the Good Templars to rent their hall, and decided on the first battle the following Sunday. Long before the meeting began was the hall filled to the doors, so we were forced to promote many to an elevated position on the platform, among whom was the most prominent journalist in Iceland. He had since made very friendly mention of us and the Army work. Two policemen and one penitentiary governor helped to conduct the people to their seats, sell song-books, receive tickets, etc.

The silence was almost too deep, and the order too perfect, to make it a proper S. A. meeting, but nevertheless God helped us to make it clear before the people what the S. A. had come for, and what God expected of every man and woman.

The Icelanders are not a people that will jump at anything in too much of a hurry, except it be at the first spring shipment of brandy-barrels from Copenhagen, but I believe that when they are ready to jump they will jump for good.

People here, as a rule, do not understand the teaching of salvation, for they have not heard such preaching all their life. However, they seem to appreciate the Army, and seek to show it, shaking hands after meeting, and saying, "Thank you for the preaching."

We are waiting and praying for a general smash before long, as many are fully convicted, but are just halting. We are not able to hold more than five meetings a week in Reykjavik, but we have already opened two outposts, where we have met—overcrowded in nearly every instance. There is no bother about lighting lamps this time of the year in Iceland. We can lie in bed and read the War Cry by daylight between 12 and 1, midnight. The other extreme overtakes us in December, when daylight lasts about five hours. That is the time of rest for the Icelanders, and as to the Salvation Army, we mean to make it a time of salvation. But about the beautiful valleys, the snow-covered peaks, the gigantic volcanoes, and wonderful lava tracts over which we march to one of our outposts, this we must leave till later on, when the inspiration strikes us. Loving remembrance to all old comrades.

LATER.—The smash has come. Seven souls at the cross. This was a signal of regular tumult. These converts have been persecuted on every hand, and some have apparently given in. The pastor preached against us the following Sunday, and one of the papers writes quite a compilation of slander and nonsense.



How the Icelanders Travel—These ponies carry a burden of 200 pounds weight each, under which they walk 25 miles a day. There are no roads, but merely tracks trodden down by these animals.

about us. We have been up to the country to hold a meeting in a church where the pastor is one of the worst drunkards in the neighborhood. We preached right after him to the same congregation, and thundering temperance sermons they were. We walked both ways, and had to wade rivers barefooted. Quite apostolic, that.

TH. J. DAVIDSON,
Salubhallaarherim,
Reykjavik,
Iceland.

General Secretary's NOTES.

Any developments in the Social Work? Yes, plenty getting ready, some hardly ripe enough yet.

Captain Mitchell has been battling with dry weather and sickness. Lieut. Tooke, of the Lifeboat, and Lieut. Hyde, of the Market Garden Department, have both been promoted Captains. They have our best wishes.

Major Howell has just called into the office, very anxious to know what is going to be done at Hamilton by way of a barracks. Has it dropped? No, my friend, we are quite busy with proposals. We cannot please everybody, nor is it wise to enter into an undertaking without counting the cost.

It is expected that the plans will be all ready in a day or two, and if a site can be obtained at a reasonable rate, the prospects are clear.

I am informed that Major Howell is on a trip north. The idea of the day is welcome meetings, salvation of souls, presentation of colors, and enrolment of soldiers.

Mrs. Major Howell and Mrs. Adjutant Turner visit Collingwood, Coldwater, and Barrie. Adj. Turner remains at the office, week-end excepted. To all the plans and arrangements we pray God's richest blessing.

Ensign McLean and Fraser visited Headquarters this week on business. Changes, I hear, are in the wind. Whether these brothers are effected I am not in a position to say.

The International Spice Box.

The last English Cry was a special local officers' issue.

A young Italian student came to make fun of the Army and got beautifully saved.

St. Helena is in terrible poverty. The Captain advocates the starting of some industry by the Army.

Adjutant Wildgery, of British Guiana, reports 60 souls, 21 saved in the open-air.

Brigadier Lamb got hold of some advance proofs of a book containing some false reports of the Social Farm. He at once wrote threatening action if printed. At great expense the offending passage was withdrawn.

Major Gover is in charge of Tasmania, and is also recruiting his worn-out body.

Major and Mrs. Jackson have been touring in East Germany. Magnificent trip, splendid crowds, and about 40 souls.

The English week of self-denial is fixed for September 29th to October 5th.

The Foreign Secretary is asking for the gift of a magic lantern and slides for an officer in India to go travelling with.

The General's photo hangs on the walls of the Columbus Penitentiary, O.

Brigadier McPhee conducted a Drunkard's Sunday at Norwood, Australia. They had a splendid day.

A young man walked 70 miles to hear the Maori missionaries, now touring in Australia. He got saved.

At Jersey City III, N.J., the Captain is aiming at capturing the local base ball team. Already the first baseman and the best batter are netted.

A testimony from a saved Dane at Greeley, Col.: "Friends, I used to be a great sinner and a drunkard, but when I came to Jesus, He healed me."

Headquarters' Crumbs!

SWEET UP BY HARDPAX.

THE COMMANDANT leaves for the Northwest immediately on the arrival of Colonel Stitt and Brigadier Clibborn. Everybody read the "Topics" this week. He leads an officers' and soldiers' council before he goes.

WELLS' HILL CAMP is all over. The wedding ceremony put the finishing touches on. Everybody agrees in saying that the ten days on the Hill were blessedly happy times.

ENSIGN AND MRS. FOX left on Tuesday for London. The Ensign takes charge of the Workmen's Hotel there.

THE STAFF BAND, under Colonel Holland, will visit St. Catharines, Newmarket and Brampton.

CAPTAIN J. ADAMS, of the Trade Office, has gone west on a two months' tour. May he come back quite recruited in health.

CAPTAIN NELLIE GRIFITHS, of the Colonel's office, has left us for the Women's Warriors' Brass Band of the C. O. Province.

LIEUT. TOOK, cashier at the Social Headquarters, has been promoted Captain.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE were at Sandusky, O., on Independence Day, July 4th. They had immense crowds and did good service.

HARVEST FESTIVAL looms up in the distance. Major Read tells of new envelopes, original ideas, etc.

CANDIDATE GODWIN, of Kingston, has been appointed to the Parkdale Rescue Home.

THE APPOINTMENT of a new G. B. M. Agent for the Pacific Province is being considered.

ENSIGN McDONALD, of the Ottawa Rescue Home, has been transferred to the Halifax Home. Captain Cowden taking her place.

He Was Taught a Lesson.

CALGARY, ALBERTA.—It is the best Cry I ever saw! That is the opinion of the people in Calgary. Every one likes it. We have had a blessed time here. Captain Balfour with an ONE SOUL out for cleansing and ONE for salvation. One fellow came riding down the street one night, where we held our open-air meeting, and told us to put the colors down. He made an attempt to rope us. The poor fellow was arrested and fined two dollars and costs, and our colors are still flying. STORY—O. O.

A NEW OPENING

AT OTTAWA.

The Imperial City Adds Another Corps.

For some time we have been urged to open fire on ROCHESTERVILLE, a suburb of Ottawa. At last our opportunity has arrived, a gentleman kindly loaning us a piece of land, and another helping us to buy some lumber, with which we have built a platform and roofed it.

On Thursday evening, July 4th, almost all the corps turned out, hand to the front. We first had a march around several blocks to notify the people of our arrival, and then pitched in for a real, live Salvation meeting.

There is one thing very plentiful in this locality and that is children, for they swarmed around till there must have been two hundred of them. There was good order throughout the evening. We are desiring to have a success time for God and souls. CAPTAIN BEARCHELL.

INGERSOLL'S BIG GO!

MAJOR AND MRS. COMPLIN LEAD ON.

ENSIGN FRAZER'S NEW QUARTERS—\$388 RAISED—\$100 TO BE SAVED ANNUALLY.—TELEGRAPHIC FAREWELL.

INGERSOLL has just celebrated its anniversary. Major and Mrs. Complin were there. Their presence and help were richly enjoyed by soldiers and friends. Not only was it the celebration of the twelfth anniversary, but also the opening of a cosy little Army Home for the officers.

Ensign Frazer and family have for the last nine months been in charge of the Woodstock, or what has been known for the last four months as the Ingersoll, District.

He removed his District Headquarters from Woodstock to Ingersoll the first of April. Almost the first thing he set his heart on after getting there was the building of a quarters for the officers. The barracks there is Army property, seating capacity 800, far too large for ordinary purposes, so Ensign Frazer thought enough could be easily spared for a quarters, making the gas and heating bills much less for the winter months, and still leaving the barracks comfortably large enough. So he brought his idea before his local officers and soldiers, and they, being a far-sighted, highly intelligent class of people, saw at a glance the advantage of the scheme. Then Contractor Brother Scott drew out the plan free, which was sent to Headquarters, where it passed the Property Board.

By hard and constant labor from the soldiers and officers, with an occasional day now and then from an experienced hand, and the guidance and counsel of Brother Scott (who often called around and sometimes spent a day with us), the work went on from 6 and 7 in the morning until 9 and after at night, every day for a month, they got used to it, and one month from the time the first mill was driven we were in our home, and a fine little one at that, so Major and Mrs. Complin can bear us out in saying:

Down stairs, on the level with the main barracks, is a kitchen 12x10-1/2 feet, with a roomy pantry off it. Then, leading from the kitchen, facing the street, which is the principal street in Ingersoll, comes the dining room, 12x10-1/2 feet. The stairway leads out of the dining room and lands you in a long, cool, and pleasant sitting room, 19-1/2x13-1/2 feet, with a large window facing Thames street. Then on either side of the room are two nice-sized bedrooms, 11-1/2x10-1/2 feet, a window in each room looking out upon the main thoroughfare, and a nice, large, clothes closet, making in all a quarters containing a kitchen, pantry, a dining-room, down stairs, sitting room, four bedrooms and clothes closet up stairs. On the

north side of the barracks is a little hall, capable of seating 75 comfortably, for J. S. meetings (and I might say right here that our Ingersoll J. S. meetings come second to none, if you please), soldiers' meetings, and knee-drill, leaving a main barracks large enough for 500. Cost of quarters and little hall, \$421-44, which, owing to kindness of friends in sympathy with our work, donations from soldiers, dinner and banquet on the 1st of July, the debt of building, independent of the usual corps income, was cleared off by payment of \$388-40, leaving a balance of \$38-99. But, just like the S. A., no sooner were we enthroned in our new home, and, as the poet says, "Monarch of all we survey," then in comes a boy with a telegram, saying, "Ensign Frazer, farewell Sunday, leave following Tuesday," and here we are, and of a truth we can sing, "No home on earth have we."

The Lassies' Brass Band Tour IN WEST ONTARIO OUTLINED.

Make Things Hum.—They Win Souls and Get Cash.

After leaving LONDON we struck ST. MARY'S. Had a nice time in the open air. Next day off to STRATFORD. Monday off to MITCHELL. This place has no officers, and is run from Stratford. Capt. McKenide went on ahead and arranged things. Next day we went to SEAFORTH. Met at station by Adjutant Taylor. Felt quite at home here. Had a nice time. After Seaforth came CLINTON, and from there to BAYFIELD. Who has not heard of Bayfield? Large crowd here, although the Naval Brigade had only been a week ahead of us. We had town hall full, Saturday and Sunday at GODRICHLAND, and from there to WINGHAM, where we had a fair time. A drive of twelve miles brings us to TREESWATER, driving back to Wingham the same night. Next day to BRUSSELS. Next day on to LISTOWEL, where we found the famous Captain Rowe was stationed. Leaving this place we struck PALMERSTON. Through a change in the arrangements no one met us, but we found our way to the quarters, where dinner was ready waiting. We soon felt at home in their midst. Booked at night for HARRISTON, a drive of six miles. Came back to Palmerston the same night. Next day being Saturday, was the day for cleaning up. Sunday, good meetings all day. "THREE SOULS" came to God. Then we had a wind-up and march around the barracks. Ask the band who the three were that had the dance! BANDMASTERS.

On leaving Palmerston we proceed to Drayton, a drive of twelve miles. Had a full house. From Drayton we drive with Father Scarr to Fergus, a distance of eighteen miles. At night we had a proper good time in the open air, with three dollars collection, and a special one inside of four dollars, making a total of seven dollars, apart from what was taken at the door. Well done, Fergus! From here we drive on to Elora and then to Guelph. Many thanks to Ensign and Mrs. Hunter, who did all they could to make our visit a success. Berlin next. Arriving at the station, we looked for Capt. Orchard, but he was not there. We wandered our way to the barracks and sat down on the steps to "meekly wait." By and bye the Captain came. A very good crowd at night. On Sunday, good times all day. Afternoon, a fine time. Christmas took hold well. At night we had a good time, and went out for salvation. God is not only helping us financially, but spiritually as well. "ADONTE."

Open-Airs Grand.

GRAND FOLKS, N. D.—STILL looking up. Praise the Lord, THREE SOULS last night. Many seeking the blessing. While there are a great many attractions to keep people away from the meeting, still we are doing our best to bring souls to the cross. Our open-air meetings are grand. Soldiers on fire for God and souls. Yours for Jesus, E. King, Capt. L. Gibbs, Lieutenants. 75 on the march Sunday night.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

The General forewelled for Scandinavia. The Chief and Commissioner Howard with his wife and daughter. Much interest aroused over 30th anniversary. Great central gatherings planned.

Adjutant and Mrs. Walder, till recently of Canada, in England on furlough. Brigadier Richards and "Midget Band" at Bury. Anniversary meetings, 23 souls.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Booth visits Buffalo. Midnight crusade. Great sensation. Splendid religious meetings, etc. Star Theater on Sunday, \$1,000.

Persecution at Yonkers. Twenty-four comrades jailed. Bailed out, except Ensign Crawford and his two aides. Will fight it out.

Staff-Captain Cox imprisoned at Colorado Springs. Ladies come and clean her cell. Intense indignation against authorities.

AUSTRALIA.

Another Pentecostal campaign being arranged.

A Maori missionary party on tour. Brigadier Jeffries touring through North Queensland.

NEW ZEALAND.

Australian Guards' Band now touring the Colony.

Great Rescue Demonstration at Christchurch. Several M. P.'s and the Mayor on the platform.

Brigadier Jeffries, late of Canada, take a N. Z. appointment.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Brigadier Keetch at Port Elizabeth and Graff Reinet. Splendid meetings, 40 souls.

Ensign Webb, Capetown L. Lassies' Garrison leads the S. A. world in cry selling. Her corps sells 1,600 every week.

Revival at Grahamstown. 24 souls on recent Sunday.

Dominion Day

—IS—
PORT ARTHUR.

FIVE MEETINGS AND 2000 PEOPLE.

The 1st of July dawned clear and bright, with good omens for a fine day for the celebration of Dominion Day in Port Arthur, for which a large programme of sports and games of all sorts had been arranged.

Where was the Salvation Army all this time? Asleep? Not by any means. A little band of men and women, with Mrs. Elliott at their head, sallied forth from the barracks and took their stand on the street corner.

What a contrast it presented, this simple procession of a handful of God's redeemed ones, and the CATHOLIC THUMPHANS, who also paraded the streets attired in all kinds of fantastic and ludicrous costumes, the former to hold up Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and the wonderful sacrifice (which the world could not give them) they found in Jesus, and the latter vainly endeavoring to grasp satisfaction from the games and sports they were engaging in.

Our little band knelt on the street corner and brought God's blessing on the meeting. Crowds lined both sides of the street and pressed around the ring.

At 2:30 p.m. we marched off to another corner, where we preached and sang, and testified, and invited sinners to get saved. A crowd of French people stood near the ring, having great fun at the Army's expense. Imagine their surprise when the Captain began to sing in French. They could not understand it. Following up this advantage the Captain sang several more French choruses, and

then told them of Jesus, who was strong to deliver them, to which they all listened with great attention. About an hour of this kind of business, when we removed to another stand. Here we again drove our stakes and preached Christ to the people, who, for another hour, listened attentively to all we had to say.

7:30 p.m. finds us again on the street, with still an interested crowd standing around. Shot, thick and heavy, were hurled at the enemy here. A LONG-ROLLING CONTEST took away our crowd to the docks and thither the Lord directed us to go, and so for the FIFTH TIME we planted our flag for an open-air meeting. Did we get the crowd? Why, yes. Some took no notice of the sports, but stood around and listened in all we had to say. We had announced a "singing battle" for the night's meeting in the barracks, so we were considered to leave the open-air about 8:30 p.m.

The "singing battle" went with a swing. The "Army A B C" took well, and so did all the singing, but the quartette from the "four noted characters of the town," brought down the house.

At the close of the battle meeting all felt tired, yet satisfied that this was the best day we had ever spent, having held five different open-air meetings, and one indoor meeting, and spoken to all about two thousand people. To God be all the glory. JOE E.

ARE YOU FOGGED?

Drifting from Holiness.

TAKE SOUNDINGS.

WHAT a difference! From heavenly light, holiness and purity, to hellish darkness and sin; from faith and victory to unbelief and defeat; from hope and courage to fear and despair; from being spiritually minded to carnal-mindedness; once enlightened and inspired by the Holy Ghost, now empty and powerless; from peace of mind and rest of soul to unrest of mind and agony of soul; from life to death; from enjoying a Heaven below to the experience of one of old, "the pangs of hell hold on me." Precious soul, is the Spirit revealing to you this is your experience? Have you fallen, beaten and wounded, in the battle? But, you say, I am all in a mist. I would obey God at any cost, but do not understand Him, circumstances, or myself. No doubt the devil has laid his plans for your downfall. He saw the strong point in your character, and decided his, your strength would be a chance for him to work and cause your overthrow, making the strong points your weakest.

What followed? The mist of unbelief, doubt, fear, and darkness came from him. Some time ago, when going from one post to another by water, a few yards from the wharf the boat was enveloped in mist, in the early morning, in the autumn season. The order was given to cast anchor, and for two hours we appeared at a standstill. Then soundings were taken, showing we had drifted into shallow water. Answer given in question, "Are we drifting?" "Yes, some." The thought struck me, how like our experience spiritual, "Are we drifting forward or backward? Very soon the sun and wind lifted the mists, and we sailed in and out between islands and mainland. I never remember seeing each island of colors and beauty of foliage. The woods were gorgeous in "rims," gold, green and brown shades. The lesson drawn was this: If you have lost spiritually, "take soundings." Find out where you are and how you got there. Pray and pray till you come to plain to your mind. Cease to ask opinion of others. Do your own work again. Repeat, recommit, and TRUST. When tempted to doubt or fear, take the word of God, and go your way, let it manifest to hold of mind and soul, then in faith show God His own promise. Bring your will up to God's and stand on truth. Obey and go forward! As you walk in light the "Sea of Righteousness," and the "Beauty of the Lord" will be revealed to you soon.



GOOD MORNING. Make sure you will be glad to move pebbles from this. There are some pebbles there others, so there are some that are of more and to His people.

LET ME SAY HERE, place, that you will be glad to move pebbles from this. That Ensign E. F. Gould to Captain M. Burton. I tell you the English slave to get there for occasion, only having a from the boat to his his trunk and he on he got there in time, man not do to be on an important occasion, knot is tied, and his t ended. Happy man!

ON THE 28TH we had all day, and some decisions were arrived present were Ensign and Ensign Freeman, Ren- ton, Ensign Payne, C. Fisher, and Mrs. Sta- the writer.

DO YOU WANT TO did all day? If so, I

First—Decided that e and Young Soldier at the present t SHALL be sold.

Second—That we shall every officer to p the same amount coive.

Third—That each D. for the War Cry and urge upon every the same. Hear.

Fourth—That we believe we maintain our but that we can increase the same i

Fifth—That we order of All the World at D. O. will do his be same before the pu his his corps, and get every Captain

one for him or her Six—That the Sick has been neglected and from this time every officer to see the amount shall voted for the bene officer.

Seventh—That we ate of July and get prisoners during t months. That will of 100 against that

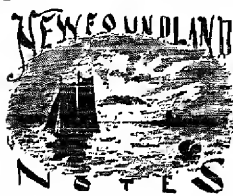
Eighth—That we go soldiers during months. This will of 985 over that of we have the faith the work.

Ninth—We rejoice ver fact that every cent has now start the same, and we great effort to be full every week.

Tenth—That the s rationist" and " shall not be a bud H. Q., and to cle the same we shall t one that we can g Fisherman's League

Eleventh—That while the poor state the Island is in at the financially, yet w with a written offi al, systematic pi be able to reach a for Harvest Festi mean nearly \$200 last year.

Twelfth—That we a very much with o ere, Commandant a that a letter w written and signe staff and sent on t



GOOD MORNING, Mr. Editor. I am sure you will be glad to receive a few more pebbles from this beautiful isle. There are some pebbles of more value than others, so there are spiritual ones that are of more value to God and to His people.

LET ME SAY HERE, in the first place, that you will be glad to learn that Ensign E. P. Gouby was united to Captain M. Hurton on June 27th. I tell you the Ensign had a close shave to get there for the special occasion, only having one hour to get from the boat to his quarters, pick his trunk and be on board again, but he got there in time. What will a man not do to be on hand on such an important occasion! Well, the knot is tied, and his troubles are all ended. Happy man!

ON THE 28TH we had a Staff-Committee all day, and some very important decisions were arrived at. Those present were Ensign and Mrs. Gouby, Ensign Freeman, Remie, and Crileton, Ensign P. D. Gouby, Captain Gouby, Cashier, and Mrs. Sharp, along with the writer.

HO YOU WANT to know what we did all day? If so, just read on.

First—Decided that every War Cry and Young Soldier that is ordered at the present time CAN and SHALL be sold.

Second—That we shall work and get every officer to pay in full for the same amount that they receive.

Third—That each D. O. shall write for the War Cry once a month, and urge upon every officer to do the same. (Clear, hear—H.M.)

Fourth—That we believe not only can we maintain our present sales, but that we can improve and increase the same in a short time.

Fifth—That we order 30 extra copies of All the World at Once, and each D. O. will do his best to bring the same before the public as he visits his corps, and also try and get every Captain to purchase one for him or herself.

Sixth—That the Sick and Wounded has been neglected in the past, and from this time we shall urge every officer to send in the regular collection for the same, and the amount shall be entirely devoted for the benefit of the sick officers.

Seventh—That we start on the first of July and go in to get 1,200 prisoners during the next six months. That will be an increase of 400 against that of last year.

Eighth—That we go in to enroll 500 soldiers during the next six months. This will be an increase of 250 over that of last year, but we have the faith and we can do the work.

Ninth—We rejoice very much in the fact that every corps that paid rent has now started again to do the same, and we shall make a great effort to keep them up in full every week.

Tenth—That the signers "Salvationist" and "Glad Tidings" shall not be a burden on the P. H. Q. and to clear expenses of the same we shall urge upon every one that we can get to join the Fishermen's League.

Eleventh—That while we mourn over the poor state that our beloved island is in at the present time, financially, yet we believe that with a united effort and a practical, systematic planning we shall be able to raise a sum of \$700 for Harvest Festival. This will mean nearly \$200 over that of last year.

Twelfth—That we all sympathize very much with our beloved leader, our Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and that a letter of sympathy be written and signed by all the staff and sent on to them by the



A Buck. A Family.
MONTANA CHARACTERS—PLATHEAD INDIANS.

first mail, assuring them of our loyalty, and also that we give the Commandant and Mrs. Booth a most hearty invitation to visit the sergeant, let this mail, and should it please the Lord, and they could find time and see their way clear to come, a most loyal and enthusiastic reception awaits them all round the island.

J. D. SHARP, Major.

That New Opening!

NORTH BAY.—As in all railroad centres, the men here are absent from town a great deal of the time, or sleep during the day, and the spiritual tone of the people is, therefore, rather low. Another drawback is Sunday railroad life. But, notwithstanding these difficulties, our Army forces here are gaining strength—perhaps not numerically this last week or two, but decidedly so in a spiritual sense. The Army held a picnic in the park on Dominion Day, at which a large number of townspeople were present, and all who attended the open-air services thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A visiting minister very kindly took part in the service. The meetings have been well announced, and we are all looking forward with earnest expectation to the arrival of Major Howell and party, who are to be here on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst. We expect great good to be accomplished for the Master's cause at these meetings.—Veritas.

PICTON.—Since last report, God has been blessing and saving souls. There have been twelve professing conversions.

—J. Walker, Capt. STRATHROY.—My, the devil was mad when those three souls got right a week ago Sunday night! Last Sunday he (the devil) was at knee-drill threatening defeat, but God enabled us to believe, and every winner there, two young men, and one old, gray-haired backslider, got saved. The devil fled for a season. Converts out on the march and testifying in every meeting. All glory to Jesus.—Lieut. Ottaway.

Volunteers Encamped.

RICHMOND, QUE.—We are having splendid meetings here. Saturday night fifteen Queen's soldiers on the march. They have their tent near here, and they make things lively around town nights. Sunday afternoon and night, good meetings. Monday we had Mrs. Capt. McHarg and Cadet Wilson, from Sherbrooke, with us. Ice cream social at 6.30 p. m. Grand success. Two of the volunteers, who were once S. A. soldiers, did good service as table waiters. We had a rowing open-air about 6 p. m., and another at 8.15 p. m. A good meeting inside, with one sent at the mercy-seat. We are going out to the camp grounds for a meeting with the volunteers to-night.—Cadet Ida Harris, for Captain Smith.

ST. JOHN'S N.B.—Sunday was a blessed day. God blessed and helped in very much at three inside meetings. We had with us the scribers from Headquarters, also the crew of the S. A. war ship, "Salvationist," and our new officers, Capt. Gooding and Lieut. Brown. There was some sharp shouting done. The night's meeting was a time of blessing. God came to the meeting with power, the Spirit did its work.—Wm. Coffie, Sergt. Major.

CARRONNEAR, Nfld.—Captain Burton, who was passing through from St. John's Harbor to St. John's, stayed with us over Sunday. There is a big time expected at the city. Ensign Gouby will be there. Ensign Freeman, after spending nearly a year in the district, said good-bye to the comrades and friends of this town on Sunday night. The Ensign has gone through a great trial of his faith recently in the death of his dear wife and child, and every hour now is filled with bringing his mother's end. Will every comrade pray for him?—Captain George P. Thompson.

PERTH.—The Salvation Army is plodding along. Some are holding up their hands for prayer. On Sunday we had great times, dancing, singing, and praising God.—W. Teeple and A. K.

Park Warfare.

ORILLIA.—I have just had a week-end at this corps. Found Captain and Mrs. Wynn's faith running high for a good Sunday. The park was fixed up to proper shape, with a nice platform and a large number of chairs. The Captain's work was not in vain. Crowds were good all day and many hearts were touched by the power of God.—S. Scarr, Ensign.

ORHAWA.—Transferred very suddenly from Brampton to this corps. God has indeed helped us, and already THREE SOULS have been forward and claimed victory. We spent July 1st in the country at the residence of our comrades, Moses and Mrs. Wheeler, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Blessed meetings, comrades refreshed.—Capt. and Mrs. Josh Jones.

Dedicated Baby.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Things that have happened: Father Turner, a good, old Army friend, has been called away. We miss him in the meetings, but to-day he was with the blood-washed. Fourteen have been added to the roll. Eleven of these have been saved at the Army penitentiary, No. 1 barracks, within the last three months. Sergt. and Mrs. Andrews' little child, Ernest Earl Andrews, has been dedicated to the Lord by Ensign Coombs. God bless the father and mother! The baptism sheet for quarter ending June 28th, has been read. A good Army friend walked in the ring last Sunday and laid a dollar bill on the drum head.—T. C.

Picnic, Oh!

KINGSTON.—Two souls Thursday night, one soul Sunday night. Dominion Day we had a private picnic with the corps and friends, at a beautiful grove on the shore of the lake. We all enjoyed the outing very much. Had a meeting at night before coming into city, and all came back feeling better in body and soul. The Kingston comrades are at present enjoying the visit of one of their old comrades, Cadet N. McNamery. — J. Pridmore, for Ensign and Mrs. McLean.

BURIN, Nfld.—After eight months' lighting at Fortune, orders came to farewell and proceed to Burin. The comrades of Fortune gathered on the wharf to wish us good-bye, and as we showed off from the pier they started to sing, "Shall we gather as the river?" We arrived at Burin at twelve o'clock in the night. Found one of our Sergeants there to meet us. Sunday night's meeting led by Captain Moulton, who is here to see his friends. Five professions to find salvation. We are full of faith for this place.—Annie Kean.

PERTH.—Visited Fairbrooke, twelve miles from Perth. We held a grove meeting. Nearly one hundred and fifty people stood and listened to us. We went in for an old timer. Some of our church friends got the glory, and also we ourselves got blessed. We had a good collection, sold all the War Cry. Left a deep impression on the attentive crowd.—A. Ketter.

SARNIA.—Victory, FOUR souls for pardon, TWO for clean heart, ONE for healing. Very short stay. Sorry to leave. Mrs. Cocherill's health failed. Going for a rest. Love the light as much as ever. Anxious to get at the front again. Well saved.—Captain Cocherill.

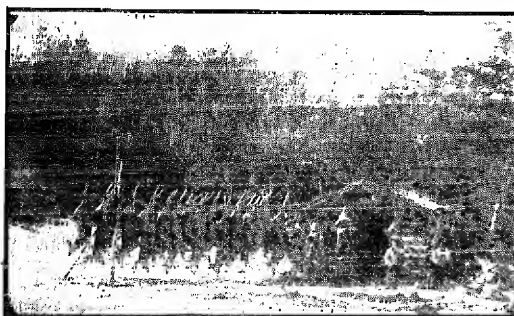
SAFE HOME AT LAST.

She Left a Bright Testimony.

The death angel has again visited the ranks of the Pictou corps. This time the call came to Sister Munroe, who has been a soldier for some years. She was quite ready when the time came. She was very anxious that her loved ones should meet her in heaven. She left a bright testimony behind that she had gone to be with Jesus. Her wish was to be buried in her uniform, also to have an S. A. funeral. The band and comrades met at the house and held a service there, and then marched to the grave. We believe that it has left an impression on the hearts of the people of Pictou that shall not be forgotten.

We do pray that God may bless and comfort her dear husband and children, and that it may be the means of winning them to Jesus.

H. WALKER, Captain.



HUNTING CAMP, MONTANA.

PUSH!

By BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Being a Call to His Eastern Comrades
for a United Summer Effort

CHAPTER III.

Chatham District.

Though not a large dominion, yet none the less important, Chatham and the neighboring town offers good fields for Army warfare, especially in the summer months.

The worthy D.O., Ensign Matthews, will make hay while the sun shines. Campbellton is having a few souls. Newmarket is in for a hard, not a thimble, either. Now, comrades, more fire, dish, and red hot religion for the NINETEENTH century.

Moncton District.

Oh, Moncton, midst thou known, even in thy day, the peace and blessing belonging to thee, thou wouldst have been better! Still, we tell out! Nothing damned. Ensign Bradley is on the war path. God in full armour, he presses on! on!

Capt. Rogers, Amherst, is gaining ground. Souls have been saved. One or two at Sussex, a couple in the Circle Corps at Hillsboro, and so on, and so forth.

So on, comrades, with the continuing business, seek! Oh, for a harvest of souls!

Spring Hill District.

Ensign and Mrs. Tiley must rest. Played right out. God Bless and make them strong. We have lost a good many soldiers from here, who have gone away to other parts, and are fighting away for God and the Army. Things are brightening up at Acadia. Miss. Lieut. Clark has fought a good fight. God Bless him in his new field.

Truro is coming on. Capt. Allen is in for moving. Ditto Pugwash. Farewell is the order of the day. WANTED, candidates who will go. Who will dare?

Now Glasgow District.

No less a person than Ensign Alward has the oversight of this glorious Army field. Who has not heard of Now Glasgow? We still live, and, thank God, we move. MOVE ON, COMRADES! The D. O. is in for special meetings at Sydney and North Sydney this summer.

THE TENT to the front. Souls are coming to life and salvation. NOTE—The D. O. is in for ten candidates. One is in already. Praise the Lord. WHERE are the nine? March on, comrades. Press souls into the kingdom.

Prince Edward Island District.

This is the place where you can enjoy yourself, anyway our worthy Officer is loud in his praises of the land. Then Ensign Galt will not be behind in making known the exquisite beauties of the place, especially that part of the Salvation Army.

Have we an Army?

Yes, indeed, and a good one, too. Certainly we can grow, flourish, and get fit all around. Lord help us!

LISTEN! Three souls at Georgetown. Fire a volley! Some at Charlottetown, and thus we go on. Capt. Allen, of Summerside, is not very well. Pray for him. Fight on, comrades. The battle is the Lord's!

Yarmouth District.

This is the spot, says Ensign Desbriens. News just to hand from the D. O. of five to be enrolled at Freeport. Clark's Harbour has got their drum. Bear River is looking up. Great preparations are being made for camp meetings at Digby and Yarmouth. NOW, SOLDIERS, make up your minds to be on hand. The work rolls on at Yarmouth. Souls are getting saved!

Windsor District.

Poor Ensign Watson! At the time of writing his hands are more than full. Not only the children (two of

them serious) down sick, but dear Mrs. Watson. Let all comrades pray for them. Be of good cheer, Ensign and Mrs. Watson. God will help you! Capt. Kenway is on the Bridge. He's an old hand on deck and will help to steer the ship along. Capt. Green has been resting. Annapolis is moving in the right direction. Kentville officers are fireworking and are bound for—

Farewell!

Capt. Byers leaves us for the West. Toronto will reap our loss. Byers I remember years ago. What God has done for and through him is more than tongue can tell. Sorry to lose you, Captain. God go with you and make you a blessing.

Rescue Work.

Adjutant Cowan is fit from well. Struggling on against weakness, trusting in Almighty God for victory. Cadet Bell, hitherto known as Candidate Bell, is accepted, and goes to assist in the Rescue Home at Halifax. Captain Moore, of the St. John Home, goes on furlough. Cadet Harvey has returned. Without doubt, God has blessed the efforts of the officers here. Ensign Elery is and at it. Patience, kindness, firmness, sympathy, is not only required but shown.

The Shelter.

Ensign Andrews is battling away at the Shelter. Being short-handed some time ago, Mrs. Andrews went nobly to her husband's side and supplied the needs of all comers. Things are going along nicely. A good run of customers make their way to the Shelter for their meals. Words of kindness, earnest warnings, will in no wise lose their weight. We shall reap in due time. Hallelujah!

Matrimonial.

It's not a matter of going West this time, but coming East. Hitherto Capt. Pugh has worked single-handed. Now to aid him in his work is a Mrs. Pugh. God bless them both and give them success in their labors.

THE WANDERINGS

—OF—

JUBAL'S BRIGADE.

Nineteen Souls on the Trip.

HURRAH FOR THE EAST!

Brigadier Scott thought that during the summer months it would be a good idea to send out a band of songsters and musicians for an extended tour through the Maritime Provinces; through the medium of song and instrumental music to try and bring before the careless, heedless multitude of sinners the claims of God. Hence the origin of "Jubal's Brigade." Our tour takes in places where the Army is located and places where it is not.

Leaving St. John on Wednesday, June 5th, we got to HAMPTON, where we found a minister of the Gospel waiting our arrival, who kindly billeted two of our troupe. We visited MORTON next, where again two of our company are entertained by a minister. After visiting APOLIAQUI, where our drum met with an accident by being drawn from the platform under the car wheels by the section from a passing train, we next came to SUSSEX. Here we spent Saturday and Sunday and had the joy of seeing sinners saved and saints blessed.

On Monday and Tuesday we take in two places where there are no comers. Then came to ROPEWELL CAVE. Two souls sought the Saviour. At ALBERT the next night, a grand crowd.

Friday morning we take the early train for HILLSBORO, reaching there in time for a good day. We had a nice meeting there among ourselves and the officers in charge. The Captain testified to our visit being a blessing to him.

Saturday we were billeted for MONCTON, but owing to a disappointment in the boat we had engaged not com-

ing for us we were deprived of going by water, so had to go by land, arriving late. Here we were reinforced by Brigadier Scott, who had come to spend Saturday and Sunday with us, also by Sister Forsythe, of Dartmouth, who joined us here for the trip.

On Sunday we saw five kneeling at the cross for pardon. Tuesday finds us in the college town of SACKVILLE. Here our music on the street was increased by local Army talent. At AMHERST we had the joy of seeing a number out. Our next stop was at MACCIN, where two Amherst soldiers came to our aid. After taking in JOGGIN MINES we reach SPRINGHILL for Saturday and Sunday. Here we found the Ensign well. Some of the soldiers here have moved away to other parts, so it leaves the corps so much less. However, 20 new ones have been brought in. Hallelujah! At PARBROOK on Tuesday night one soul sought pardon. The volunteers came the day of our meeting to camp. Big crowd at the station to watch their arrival, so we had a good chance by our afternoon march before they came to announce our meeting. We next day cross the Minas River to KINGS-PORT, where the Congregational church is kindly loaned us for the meeting.

After taking in CANNING and CEN-TRVILLE we come to KENNVILLE for Saturday and Sunday. One soul Saturday night.

God has been blessing us on the tour. We have seen some 19 souls at the penitent form, which encourages our hearts.

ONE OF THE BRIGADE.

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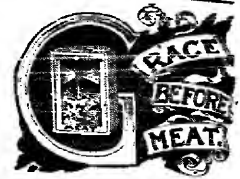
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LIGHT BRIGADE FINANCE.

Notes and Comments by Major J. Read.

Four sailors (Salvatorists) anxious to do something to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, even though they themselves have to be away from home, have sent for Grace-Before-Meats boxes to be despatched to them at Malta. Any other friends at a distance, willing to assist the despatch, can have a box upon application to Headquarters. \$\$\$

An individual whose box was found empty several times, excused himself by saying "it was forgotten," and when the agent proposed taking it away to give to someone else who would use it, remarked further "but it is such a nice ornament for the centre of my mantle shelf." Quite true, but, as the agent answered, "our Y. C. Brigade boxes, whilst being eye ornaments, are more for use than for show." Savanra cannot survive in empty ornaments! \$\$\$

The General has not an example for the advancement of the Light Brigade (as he has done in every other branch of our work) which should be copied by every brigade. The General leaves instructions with his housekeeper that his box is always to be made up to a little more each quarter than the last—show it not already reach such amount. Magnificent principle. Hallelujah! \$\$\$

One little girl we know averages \$5 per quarter in her Grace-Before-Meat box. This is good. A Captain stationed at a medium corps had seven shillings in his box last quarter, every penny contributed by himself. Hallelujah! \$\$\$

Toronto is to be well looked after in the future. It is high time we set a "move on" city. Proper and organized effort is being made and anticipations are bright. The Commandant has decided that all the box money collected in cities where there are social institutions shall go to these respective homes and after working expenses, hire of boxes, etc., have been met. Now, Victoria, Winnipeg, London, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax, St. John, N.S., ye are all in the swim. \$\$\$

Captain Ross reports that good interest is being stirred up round the north. The Captain is pushing the scheme in the outposts. This is a good idea. The new box will be aquisite of design and even more tasty and attractive than the others. Ross will have them in stock. Captain Scott has paid a hurried visit to Toronto. He reported good news, and actually walked out of the city again with a good lantern and an admirable set of scales. Look out, ye Adjutant! Major has been at war, and the devil has evidently revealed his attacks. He writes: "About 100 hoodlums at P— formed a mob and followed us right through the town, hooting, yelling and blowing horns at B—. One fellow challenged me to come outside and fight. They saw me off on the train, warned me to sell my face," etc., etc.—Captain Bailey is asking for \$20 additional boxes for the great Northwest. Hurrah for the L. B.!



Mrs. DeWolfe, Amherst, N.S.

Our devoted comrade.

Though many were her friends while here,

The Saviour was her choice.

And when death came it brought no fear,

She welcomed Jesus' voice.

A. BOGGS, Capt.

ORANGEVILLE.—Sunday, very warm. On the people like to hang around in the shade. God was with us, and ONE SOUL came to the cross. —H. Wilson, Captain.



MADE FINANCE.

Comments by Major Read

(Variations) anxious to show the suit, even though they to be away from Grace-Before despatched to them friends at a distance the delectable upon application to

§ §

linco box was found which, excused herself as forgotten," and proposed taking it someone else who worked further—but argument for the hotel shelf. Quite a agent answered, her boxes, whilst benevolent, was more for

§ §

survive on camp

§ §

met in an example ment of the light done in every our work which every lordholder. A instructions with that his box made up to the quarter than the at hirendy reach significant principle,

§ §

we know averages her Grace-Before a good. A Captain edium corps had in box last quarter, tributed by himself

§ §

o well looked after his high time we got the city. Proper fort is being made are bright.—The decided that all the in cities where petitions shall go to home and after hire of boxes, etc., Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John's, the swim.

§ §

ports that good-inferred up round the in is pushing the atyposts. This is a box will be ex- even more tasty in the others. Soos in stock—Captain a hurried visit to burst good news, out of the city and huteri and an idea. Look out, to W. O. P. A. at war, and stoutly resented his lites: "About 100 formed a mob and through the town, and blowing horns, he devil's corns at challenged me to fight. They saw him, warned me to do.—Captain Bal- 30 additional boxes west. Hurrah for

— Monday, 7077 people like to hang de. God was with came to the creek.

—THE—
BLACK DIAMOND CITY.

Nanaimo Corps History

CHAPTER III.

A BRAVE SOUL—"I'M HIS, ANYWAY"
—FLOODING—A WELL-TIMED RESOLVE—HOW TO FURNISH A QUARTERS—THE FIRST AND LAST SUMMERS—JUST SAVED IN TIME—"RUSTY."

The second to kneel at the penitent form was Maggie Deegan. This dear little, though not physically strong, felt as soon as God saved her that her place was where she could be most used in blessing and helping others. Officers were sorely needed, she sent in her application, and was accepted. Orders came for Vancouver, and leaving her home she loved so dearly she went forth, determined that all the strength and energy she possessed should be used in the service of her Master. Her godly life told upon all with whom she came in contact, but her career in the field was not for very long. After fighting as Lieutenant for a short time, her health failed and she went to her home on Gabriola Island to rest, from whence she was promoted to glory in March, 1893. Not one who visited her in

Her Last Illness

came away without giving encouragement and inspiration from her words. Only the day before her death she remarked to a comrade that she looked forward to the time when she would "step from the kitchen into the parlor," little thinking that the time was so near.



CAPT. COWAN, NANAIMO.

Just previous to the administration of the chloroform, under the influence of which her spirit took its flight, she said to those around, "It's all right; I'm his, anyway."

The third convert was Sister Louise Smith. She was almost a child when she sought salvation, and many of her friends and acquaintances counted her conversion an excitement, or a childish fancy. But, little by little, she grew with her, and after fighting as a soldier at Vancouver and Nanaimo, she is still in the ranks at Tacoma, U.S.A.

Others might be mentioned who were saved at this time but have gone elsewhere.

Little Handful of Salvationists

often felt their insufficiency as they faced the crowds in the open-air. But God helped them, and though perhaps results were not so visible as in other openings on the coast, they gradually won their way into the hearts of those, whom they were "seeking to save."

Disturbances were few, for it might be mentioned here that ever since the advent of the S. A. in Nanaimo, the



LIEUT. CARROLL, NANAIMO

greater kindness could have been shown than that manifested by the police, who have at all times been ready to give any assistance necessary.

One little incident, however, proved the sympathy that some of the "diamonds in the rough" had for the Salvationists.

While holding an open-air meeting a young man threw a missile into the ring, as if intending it for the officers. He was quickly grabbed by some of the indignant crowd and

So Roughly Handled

that no second attempt was ever made.

When the time came for a change of officers, two ladies arrived on the scene in the person of Captain Breton and Lieutenant Gooding. During their stay finances improved, the crowds were larger, and, best of all, the harvest was soon reaped in a revival of souls.

One important event was the furnishing of the first officers' quarters, which was accomplished in a very short time as the generous, good-hearted people gave all that was needed. In one particular meeting, when the Captain was asking for donations of furniture, a washstand was dropped through the window. To the surprise of everyone present, in a few minutes the donor was marched in by a policeman, but with a "God bless you" from the Captain, was speedily released. Those two made many friends, who have remained such ever since. Among the number are Mrs. Cowie and Hirst Brothers.

The next in charge were Captain (now Bishop) Laura Alkenhead, and Lieut. Kate Fraser. During their stay in Nanaimo many were converted who are in the ranks to-day.

The Confidence of the People

was won, and the work took rapid strides. As might be expected, his satanic majesty objected to a breach being thus made in his ranks, and every conceivable idea was put into practice by some of his servants to try to upset the meetings while the grand, soul-saving work was being carried on.



SISTER PATTERSON, War Cry Boomer, Nanaimo, and POLLY and WILLIE.

But these two ladies trusted God for victory, and He gave it them. They proved by experience that "all things work together for good." In one instance a young man caused a disturbance in a meeting, using his fists a little too freely. For this he was locked up and fined the next morning, but afterwards gave God his heart and became a good soldier.

On another occasion a young man, who had often been expostulated with and warned on account of his conduct in the meetings, announced his intention at the open-air of going to the Army to "raise hell." Taking with him a man who was muddled with the devil in solution, to the utmost of his ability he carried out his threat. It was impossible to let

This Flagrant Offence

pass in order to preserve order for the future, so the next morning a summons to appear in the court was handed to him. With this all his courage (?) of the night before speedily disappeared, and the result was a visit to the Captain petitioning her to pay half the costs, and say no more about it, as he had a mother to support. His chances had been so many that the Captain could not consent, but she did not press the charge, and after paying expenses he was dismissed, not before, however, receiving a severe reprimand from the judge.

This had the desired effect. They experienced no more trouble in that direction, and had no occasion to make a second example.



MRS. GARLAND, the Army's G.B.M. Agent, Nanaimo.

IN FEBRUARY, 1890, a young man who had attended the meetings for some time became deeply devoted, got converted, and took his stand as a soldier. Only two weeks after his conversion he was killed instantly by falling off a derrick in the stone quarry in which he was employed. Many of those who form the corps to-day preach on many who had hitherto seemed the most careless. This being the first S. A. funeral, it was largely attended, and from that open grave many afterwards started for Heaven. The work at this time was

Going Ahead Splendidly

when farweld orders came. Captain Coulter and Lieutenant (now Captain) Scott taking charge. The revival continued, the barracks was used every night, and finances boomed. Many of those who form the corps to-day look back to this as the time when they started to fight "under the good, old, Army flag."

The people, too, who had seemingly taken little or no interest in the S. A., began to inquire into their condition, when they saw those whom they had known as drunkards and gamblers changed by the power of God into sober and upright men, while even the most indifferent acknowledged that there must be some good in it from the striking results, as the following will prove:

One of our soldiers was working with a man who strongly ridiculed everything and everybody associated with religion, but at times asked the opinion of the S. A., and, when I

can't say as I've seen much of them, but I do know that since

That Fellow They Call "Rusty"

has joined 'em, he's a deal sight better than he used to be, and I hope he'll stick to it."

"Thank God not only 'Rusty,' but many more, are still sticking to the old corps that brought them to the fold.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN !!!

Begin to Plan and Scheme for the Successful Working of This Year's

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Good Old Joel !

How John B. Gough was Saved From a Drunkard's Grave.

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was lily lounging the Elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched wait on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A



stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, in cordial tones,

"MR. GOUGH, GO DOWN

to our meeting at the town hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made.

WITH TREMBLING HAND

he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it. The poor boot crimp who tapped him on the shoulder—good Joel Stratton—has now gone to Heaven. But the youth he saved was till recently one of the foremost reformers on the face of the globe. He thinks when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of the Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elm of Worcester. "He that winneth souls is wise."

LIVE.

DUCKS, CHICKENS, FOWL, and even a STEER were donated to last year's

Harvest Festival, HURRAH !

Fifteen tenement houses are to be built in one of the worst slum districts of New York City, after the plans of two women architects, who have given special study to the light, air, and separation of families, problems hitherto neglected in the construction of tenement houses.

CORRESPONDENCE!

BRANDON, Man., June 18, '95.

Editor War Cry.
Dear Sir:—Being a busy man, consequently not having much time to devote to the material building up of Christ's kingdom, also being slow of speech, consequently a man of few words, thought I would take this opportunity of writing a fragment of my Christian experience through the columns of the War Cry.

I was converted in a little Methodist church, in a little village not far from the eastern coast of England. I don't exactly remember my age, but I think I must have been about 16 years old. I remember how God's Spirit strove with me, how the power of the Holy Ghost fell on that little assembly of uneducated rustics. I remember how I called upon God to be merciful to me, a sinner, and how He answered my prayer. Oh, the joy, the indescribable happiness which filled my soul! No tongue can tell how happy I felt. It seemed as if I had been exalted to a higher sphere. It seemed to me as if Heaven had suddenly dropped to earth. I remember, too, as soon as I felt that my sins were washed away, I began to pray for my elder brother, and, bless the Lord, He answered my prayer. Methinks that no person under Heaven could be any happier than I was then. How true those words seemed to me, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." But, somehow, since that time, I have drifted away near the frigid zone of indifference. I have "hung my harp upon the willow." I am still desirous of better things. I am still longing for that old-time, early love, that first love, which seemed to absorb my whole life. Why is it that I cannot possess it as I once did? I would to God I had that holy, pure, and unsullied life that I hear some of the officers of the S. A. speak of. Some call it holiness, others call it sanctification, but to me it is myetification. I understand being justified by faith and having my sins forgiven, but I can't understand having the tree of sin, which has been implanted in our hearts since the fall of Adam, taken out by the roots, destroyed, annihilated, as it were. If there is such a thing as getting rid of the roots of bitterness, I want to get rid of them. If there is such a thing as being holy on this earth I want to be holy. If there is such a thing as getting rid of the desire for sin, then pray for me, officers and soldiers of the S. A., that this desire may leave me.

Hoping you won't think this too long or tedious for the pages of the War Cry, as it may be a blessing to others as well as myself, by devoting a plan whereby we may be led out of the darkness of mystery into the light of understanding. Yours in His war,
J. A. ROWLAND.

J. A. R.—The fact that on your own confession you have "drifted away" is a most pitiful plight to be in. To drift means to be ruined and lost. You have fallen from your first love. This, too, is a sin of which you will have to sorrowfully repent. To have this restored, you must turn, go back over the old ground, renew your broken vows, and determine to do right at any and all costs. It is very evident that you are laboring under unforgotten sin. One step at a time, my brother. First the blinde of true repentance for omitted sin, then the fear of bleeding, or sanctification, obedience to all God's laws and will. When you have thus repented and found forgiveness, then will come the desire to consecrate your life, goods, time, friends, belongings, and all your possessions, to God for the extension of His blessed Kingdom. You must come to God's altar with this determination and prayer.

My spirit, soul, and body,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering.
Thine evermore to be."

Then go out into the world and carry out the spirit of this whole-souled consecration, and you will soon get the great blessing you so much desire.

"Olive of the Fruits of Thy Labor"

AND REMEMBER THE

Great Harvest Festival.



Tune—Jesus paid it all.
On the cross of Calvary
Jesus died the lost to save,
Gave His life to ransom me,
Though I was a guilty slave.

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all,
All to His I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.
Sinner, will you stop and think
Of the Saviour's love to you?
Stop before you deeper sink,
Grace will make your heart anew.

Christ is waiting now to save,
Sinner, do not stay away!
Come, oh, come, and seek His grace,
Mercy can be found to-day.

BERTHA FALLIST, Kingston.

(c) (c) (c)

Tune—"O Lord, on Thee our cares
We cast; Bright crowns, "B.J." 59;
"S.A.L." 498; Oh, the Lamb,
the bleeding Lamb, "B.J." 3 and 72.

O sinner, come to Jesus now;
Behold He waits and pleads;
He's waiting now with outstretched hands,
And for you intercedes.

Chorus.

Oh, come just now, the Saviour waits,
He's calling now for thee;
Now yield your heart and let Him in,
And from destruction flee.
He's waited long for you to come,
And knocks aloud to-night;
Now yield your heart and let Him in,
He'll fill your soul with light.
When Jesus lives within your heart
All will be peace and love;
He'll cleanse your soul and it will glow
With joy from Heaven above.

SISTER MRS. GOODCHILD.

RESCUE NOTES.

MRS. BOOTH.

Parkdale Rescue Home and its Latest News.

We have been exceptionally busy of late housecleaning and getting the place generally put in order. Early in the morning the paper hanger might have been seen making his way to the Home. Recently, our meeting room and sewing room are quite transformed. The girls and officers have worked like heroines, going from the top of the third storey right down to the basement. The garden, too, has not been neglected, as the disappearance of long grass, etc., testifies. While our hands have been busy, our minds have been

Very Much Worried

over the serious illness of some of our little ones, and in spite of all our care two have been taken away. Nor has this been our only anxiety, for have we not been visited several times by thieves, who have broken into the Home while we slept, carrying away food, etc. May God deal with them, whoever they are.

If I continue in this strain you will think we have nothing but difficulties, but though they are many, we have our joys, too, but before I tell you them I must tell you of another burden, or rather two other very heavy ones. One is our rent. This we have not had to pay in the past, the Government grant having covered this. Now this is insufficient, and we are striving to get monthly subscribers to the amount of \$80. If any of our readers would like to help us, we should be so glad to hear from you. Address 48 Jameson avenue. The other is the need for more help. If

Tune—Down in the garden, "B.J." 67; Oh, the Lamb, "B.J." 3, and "B.J." 72.

Oh, dark indeed the past may be,
And sins as mountains rise;
Hark, sinner, Jesus calls for thee,
He'll heed your penitent cries!

Chorus.

Jesus is pleading, calling now to thee;
Sinner, won't you heed His mercy?
He can make the captive free.

Oh, sinner, look, the Saviour stands
Alone at Pilate's bar;
For thee the nails were through His hands,
No longer with Him war.

Five bleeding wounds He did receive
Alone on Calvary's tree;
His blood He shed, His love He gave,
And died to set you free.

CADET WRAY, Lifeboat, Toronto.

(c) (c) (c)

Tune—We'll all shout hallelujah, "B.J." 26; Ready to die, "B.J." 10.

With a hatred for sin,
Let the battle begin.
All the warriors of Heaven draw nigh;
While Jehovah we greet,
We shall never retreat,
Till the enemy shall scatter and fly.

Chorus.

We'll all shout hallelujah.

For the sinner to meet,
Through the rain or the heat
We will march with a heart full of love;
We will tell them of One
Who from Calvary has come,
And is waiting to greet them above.

PICKER.

You could see how our dear officers

Day After Day, Early and Late,

not only here, but in the Women's and Children's Shelter, till they are worn out, I am sure you would feel this is a burden. Who will help us? Look at the poor, old women and the girls, who, but for the Rescue Home, might be worse than on the street, then send in your application. Write to Mrs. Booth at once and begin to do something that will tell for eternity. Now the joys. Come with me to our last Sunday evening meeting. At the sound of the bell the girls all gathered round the table in the lecture room. As we sang, and prayed, and talked, God came very near, the tears were seen filling some eyes, and

Conviction was Stamped

on several faces, and first one hand and then another went up, till four had manifested their desire to be saved. God is always near to a penitent soul, and soon the light shone in their faces. I might go on telling of Fannie, who has been sent to her parents in Scotland, and others who have gone to situations, but will stop, as this is the sixth page, and I know how the editor likes short articles. I will finish by giving you all a hearty invitation to come and see ADJUTANT HILTS.

From the Methodist publishing house at Fou-Chou were issued 26,000,000 pages last year. A similar Presbyterian establishment in Shanghai, 32,000 copies of the Scriptures and 36,700,000 pages of other books, tracts, etc., and the Central China Religious Tract Society issued about 1,000,000 copies of publications.



All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.
FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOMPANY APPLICATIONS.

1578—McKENNAMIN, JOHN—Left Ireland and landed in Montreal in 1886. He is now about 80 years old. His son, John, 8, Gomersy St., Westport, Man., is the enquirer. New York Cry please copy.

1579—JOHNSTON, JAMES, native of Coldstream, Scotland. Was stone time employed as brass finisher at Woolwich Arsenal. Last heard of eleven years ago making enquiries for his aunt at Blyth, previous to going to Canada. Send information to above address.

1580—WILLIAMS, MARY, aged 26; rather short and dark hair and eyes; native of Wales. Has lived in a situation at Aldershot, which she left, saying she was going to Southampton and after that to Canada. Send information to above address.

1582—ILLIS, ROSA. Age about 17 or 18; medium height; light brown hair; large eyes; fresh color. Was put in the West London District School, Ashford, near Staines, about 6 years ago. Was sent from there to Canada by Miss Rye. Last known address, care of Mrs. Janet Smith, Morpeth Postoffice, Ontario. Enquirer (brother) has sent several letters to the above address, but received no reply. Send information to above address.

1583—McNELL, MRS. (nee Betsy Meekins). Left England 14 years ago had a fancy drapery business at Galt, Ont. In her maiden name. Married a gentleman named McNell. Sister Sarah enquires.

1584—SKARRATT, WILLIAM. Last known address, care of Mr. Bassett, Deseronto, Ont.; farm laborer. Father enquires.

1585—AMBLER, MRS. ROSE, (nee Lizzie Flynn). Age about 27; very dark; height about 5 ft. Last heard of three years ago; was then living at Angus House, East Angus, P. Q. Canada. Husband was then working at the Electric Light Co. Parents are very anxious for news.

1587—WYATT, WILLIAM. Fair complexion, black eyes, deep scar under left eye, deformed in left foot. Went into "Dr. Barnado's Home" in March, 1883, and was sent to Canada on July 15, 1888; landed at Quebec on the 21st. He was sent to the school, Hazelbro, Ont., and from there to Meaford with a Mr. Brown, then left and went to live with a Mr. Simpson, Valmetier; not heard of in Nov. 1890. Supposed to be working on a farm. Mother enquires.

1588—HANSEN, PETER AND FREDERICK (twins). Natives of Denmark. Their address in 1893 was 356 10th Avenue, North Winnipeg, Manitoba.

1589—McREYNOLDS, ROLAY, age 54, 6 ft., dark-haired. Left Rosemore, Dunsington, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, about 25 years ago, and went to Rosemont, Ont.; farmer. Mr. Hugh McReynolds (brother) enquires.

IMPORTANT!

An enquiry comes from Cape Town, South Africa, for CRISTMAN PETER RODWELL, who has not been heard from for twelve months. Was then living in Rosemont, Ont. His mother is very anxious; broken-hearted. Address Mrs. Lindley, Claremont, South Africa.

H.F.-H.F.

DATES:

Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

August 31st, September 1st, 2nd.

- GET READY! -